

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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[WHOLE NO. 97.]

THE FAIR ROSETTA.

OR, Human Perfectibility.

BY STELLA STEELE.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

Rosetta determined, under existing circumstances, to go and see an associate of hers, whom she looked upon as a confidential friend. Accordingly running over to see Miss Dermott she exclaimed "Marie—Aunt and I are at loggerheads about the basis of matrimonial bliss."

"Bliss, indeed! Rosetta—you will hardly find bliss in this world. If you find even an approximation to it, you will be very fortunate."

"Ah! but she says that I shall never marry William Sage?"

"And why not?"

"Why she says we are not alike."

"So much the more certain of it!"

"Now Maria—that is too bad! you are worse than aunt is!"

"Why so?—do I not say that you will be apt to marry William if you are unlike him?"

"Yes, but that is impossible—for he goes for 'the fitness of things' and he is resolved to get a fair simile of himself!"

"O! that is nothing. No man ever gets such a lady as he means to; if he did he would be terribly disappointed! No man wants a lady of his own cast and character. A gentleman wants a lady to love him, that is all! Do you love William Sage?"

"Maria—he is not one of the lovable sort. He doesn't believe in love. He is an ontologist!"

"My Faith! Rosetta, are you going into metaphysics. No wonder your aunt says you will never marry William!"

"But William wishes to base his matrimonial life on love 'to being in general'!"

"What! is he not to love you more than he does any other lady?"

"Why, no! we are to match! not to love; or if we love, our love is to be at equipoise."

"My! my! Well I don't wonder as I said that your aunt says that you will never marry William then."

"Why he is a fine young man."

"O! I do not doubt that—but Rosetta, my idea is that love must be the all-prevailing influence in the case. If you love William more than all the rest of the world then you will probably consent to have him—and if he loves you in the same way, then he will have you."

"Why Maria—William thinks love is a minor consideration! a mere abstraction!"

"And that is the way with all lawyers, I believe—they are a crusty set any way and just intended for old bachelors!"

"Well, Maria, I can tell you one thing. I believe just as William does. They call him a theorist—and if he is one, so am I—and I haven't a doubt that we shall be married—indeed, I know we shall, and so we shall disappoint you both—my aunt I mean, and you."

"And if you marry without love, Rosetta you will both be disappointed too; for it is love only that can hide a multitude of sins—or faults. Without love—there can be no happiness—with it there can be none perfect."

Rosetta thus didn't get much consolation from Maria Dermott—but still she believed that she herself and William would marry each other and be happy. There was one thing that troubled her. William didn't care a straw about music—and on this point, she meant to be peculiarly guarded. Here she would humor him—till they were married at least! She knew that neither she herself nor William had any thing like what was called love—"called so," she said, "by romance writers!" Still, as they both resembled each other, in every other respect so much, she felt that they would be mutually pleased, to such an extent, that they should pronounce themselves happy, and the world also would pronounce the same verdict! They too William's theory would be illustrated and the true secret in matrimonial life be found out. She therefore determined, she would marry him. At all events she would not discard him—if either party deserted the other, it should not be herself. And her Aunt and Maria too would see for themselves that their dark and syl-like oracles were like those of Sybil herself, of no value.

William now for the second time came to see Rosetta—in the beautiful city of N. H. He conversed of law elegantly—the Judges of the city showed him marked attention. He was invited to their dining-parties. The Academia faculty, also, recollecting him, as a good scholar in College, now gave him a hearty welcome. The ladies of the city, too, were

literature as to look for a lady of taste and refinement—for the best cultivated mind in the city.

The marriage was to take place in three months—and then Minerva not Venus—was to give to the world a happy example of matrimonial life. The Collegiate professors, also, were delighted with the intended match, because they, like Pythagoras, liked followers and they themselves had all married in the same way—though they never uttered a word about human perfectibility after marriage for of course they did not, unlike Panch or Candel, like to say much about domestic matters.

And now at the close of the day of William's arrival, a handbill was thrown into the porch of Rosetta's residence, stating, that there was to be a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert!" that Evening—and at the same, another handbill was thrown in announcing a "Wonderful Literary Lecture." The former was to be conducted by Professor Van Spitsbergen; the latter was to be given by Doctor Dendus D. D. L. D. etc.

Rosetta caught up the Musical handbill and William the Literary Lecture one.

"O! William," exclaimed Rosetta, "what a grand treat! wouldn't you like to attend this Concert? Splendid! Splendid!"

"Rosetta," said William as cold as an ice-cream directly from the Polar regions—never to be melted. "There is going to be a Literary Lecture to night; let us go to that."

"A Literary Lecture—William! why we can attend one every day—all we have to do is to go to the College—but a Concert why we can never attend one scarcely, or one that is good for any thing. And here is the most renowned Professor of Music in the world—Professor Van Spitsbergen! Why he is equal to Jenny Lind! indeed he is superior—O! we must go!"

"Rosetta—you can go—I don't think much of sound! I go for substance."

"O! my dear William I couldn't think of going alone—I mean without you; if you hadn't come to town just now, then I could have gone well enough—but now what will the world think of it unless you go too?"

"Why I will go to the Literary Lecture if you please, and you can go where you please!"

Alas! for Rosetta—she was going to burst into tears! but at that moment a carriage came up to the door, and soon it was announced that Professor Van Spitsbergen of Germany—the Great musician of all the world! was waiting to see Miss Rosetta Lee!"

Alas! for William's law and lady too—and human perfectibility besides!

Miss Rosetta soon appeared in the parlor and a rose was now in her hand! William didn't even turn red! He trembled, indeed not from the fear of losing his lady, but for his theory of the fitness of things! human perfectibility was now at stake! Rosetta did not, it is true, resemble him in her musical taste, but this matter of music was so small a one that he had set it aside. In fact it was not in the nature of things, he supposed to find perfect resemblance—if all the minute of life were to be taken into the account—and consequently as he and Rosetta were perfectly alike in every other respect—unless they were married, and thus furnished an exemplification of the kind in question—the theory would go together!

Rosetta, however, soon appeared and invited our philosopher into the parlor. The Professor of music entertained him some time, with his Wonderful success in the Musical world—spoke to him of *solos* and *duets* and *sopranos* and *altos*—and of the improvements in instrumental music since *Nebuchadnezzar's* time—and how pianos and organs had been substituted for *sackbuts*, *Psalteries* and every other kind of music in his time etc. etc. etc.

He informed William also that he was extremely pleased—extremely so—that his lovely and beautiful friend, the fair Rosetta, was now such a fine car for music—such an exquisite taste—and all the like things; all of which William was obliged to hear, out of politeness! and he concluded by inviting the young gentleman and his lady to attend his Concert that evening. He gave them complimentary tickets for the purpose—and left promising himself the pleasure to call the next day!

The interview with the Professor of Music was not quite agreeable to William, as may be imagined—but what should he do? what could he do? If he had been

called upon to go to the theatre he must have gone—or sacrificed his fair Rosetta! To the Concert, then, he must go! but no—he would not—his intended might go, if she chose—but the reins—no—he would not give the reins to his Phæton—nor certainly—even if he did after his marriage!—And what was to be done under these circumstances? The fair Rosetta knew what to do. She threw herself on her knees. She poured out a flood of tears! "Her William must go to the concert—or she would go to the grave!"

Philosophy and tears! What an incongruity! What communion had they with each other? Love and tears would go together very well—but human perfectibility and the fitness of things forbade tears—drops from melting an ice-cream! William was inexorable. "Why all Novello would laugh outright at the idea of his going to a Musical Concert—for of all things in the world—an entertainment of this kind he had most ridiculed; it was, he had often said, beneath the notice of a man of dignity. "One of the characteristic features of Webster's greatness," he said "that he couldn't dance"—and one of his own, he imagined was a contempt of music! Every character that he had ever known, he said, was next akin to a fool! and every lady that was fond of music he called a *mocking-bird*! Poor William—he was in a dilemma indeed!—his lady was in a greater one!

At this moment Professor Van Spitsbergen called in his carriage to take the happy couple to the Concert! The fair Rosetta concealed her tears as much as possible—pretending as ladies easily can, that she had been deeply affected with some sudden news! And now at the instance and urgency of the Professor she stepped into the carriage—William waiting on her to the carriage door, with feelings more easily to be imagined than described—and requesting the Professor to get in himself before he did so—directed the driver without waiting for him to get in, to go on! This was all quickly done, the fair Rosetta expecting William to be at the door of the Hall—as she stepped out of the carriage. Alas! here she found herself in the charge of the Professor only!

William then went to the Literary Lecture and found the Rev. Doctor lecturing on his favorite theory *Human Perfectibility*!

This was a treat for William—for he was too much of a philosopher and loved the fair Rosetta too little to allow the earlier occurrences of the evening to disturb his mind.

Rosetta likewise forgot about everything but the Concert—so much absorbed was she in the music, till the close of the entertainment. Then she looked around to find her Philosophising William. Alas! he was not to be seen! The Professor of music discovered her in this dilemma—indeed he had his eye on her all the time—and invited her to take a seat in his Carriage and thus she was conveyed home.

William the next morning before day-light took the cars for Novello!

To himself, Rosetta had much to say on making this discovery and little to any one else. Her aunt enquired of her, "what was the cause of William's sudden departure?"

"She presumed he had some important business to attend to!"

"Yes," said her aunt, "I presume he has but I rather think it is not the getting of his marriage license."

"Indeed Aunt!" said Rosetta "I do not think you ought to taunt me, it was very natural that I should wish to go to the Concert."

"And it was very natural too, I presume, that he should wish to go home! But you will be married yet Rosetta?"

"What? to William Sage?"

"O! no—to your new beau?"

"I have no new one!"

"Isn't Professor Van Spitsbergen your beau?"

"Aunt, you are too bad!"

"And William thinks you are probably."

"Well, I think I might be allowed to go to a musical Concert once in an age!"

"And you can go always now. He never will prevent you."

"Well, Aunt, Professor Van Spitsbergen is a fine looking man and very much of a gentleman."

"And very impulsive too!"

"He loves music, just as I do."

"Yes, and he loves you!"

"Well William Sage doesn't—I do think it is a shame, that he couldn't have gone to the Concert with me last night."

"And you may give him up now—Rosetta, for he has given you up."

"And do you think Aunt that Mr. Van Spitsbergen would make a good husband?"

"Why I think he would suit you exactly—they are both fond of music—and perhaps both fond of each other!"

"And what will the world say?"

"The world—indeed! why didn't you make that enquiry last night, before you gave William the slip?"

"I didn't give him the slip Aunt!"

"O! he gave it to you this morning, didn't he?"

"Well he is a mean fellow any way. Just as though a lady mightn't go to a concert because a crusty old bachelor didn't want to go!"

"What! Rosetta—what do you say? you are coming round now to the very point where I predicted that you would come!"

Well if he had loved me—he wouldn't have treated me so."

"No Rosetta—you are right. And now you are likewise coming on the true Philosophical ground; Love is the basis of conjugial bliss. William didn't love you. He would have married you—but had he done so he would have loved his law and his theories more than you!"

"And have I not made a happy escape, Aunt?"

"Ah! you have got out of one vortex—to pass into another! Life is beset with maelstroms!"

"But, Aunt, Professor Van Spitsbergen is a very gentlemanly man—and oh! how exquisitely he sings—and what a performer he is. Why I thought I was in a paradise last night!"

"And you would have been if your William had been there!"

"Yes if he had been such a person as I wanted him to be—but if I was an Eve he was no Adam!"

"But Rosetta do you think that you love Professor Van Spitsbergen?"

"O! he is a charming man!"

"Yes you may fancy him—but you know nothing about his good qualities. He may be an impostor. I am always afraid of Strangers."

"Now Aunt you are on the other side again."

"But, my child, why do you take such a fancy to the Professor?"

"O! he sings so exquisitely!"

"And is that all that he has to recommend him to you?"

"O! he is a stranger to me, Aunt, as well as to you."

"And do you think you could entrust yourself to his charge. He may be a married man!"

"No, Aunt—he has showed me his certificates and offers any references I may require."

"So then you have taken a step already?"

"Why, Aunt, I was determined, if possible, to come up with William Sage. I wish to show him that I can get married even if he won't have me."

"Ah! Rosetta—I tremble for you. If you escape Sylla you strike against Charybdis! William Sage the theorist or Professor Van Spitsbergen the Musician—what an alternative! In the former case, Philosophy was your guide, now it is your fancy! Can you not love come that you know Rosetta? O! if you could only love some such one—and if some such one could only love you! Love is a source of perennial happiness!"

Rosetta however fancied the Professor of music, and as he called the next day and expressed a great interest in her welfare, complimented her musical taste—and admired her voice—and praised her beauty, he soon gained the mastery over her—and obtained her hand!"

And now Maria was in ecstasies of joy—she hoped for the best in the future—the present all was bright. In a month the fair Rosetta was Professor Van Spitsbergen's bride! Here and there she roved over the country with him singing her love, and enjoying his concerts. But the Professor was extravagant and generous. He spent money faster than he accumulated it. In a little he was in a strait—he forged a note, was taken up and tried.

During the trial Rosetta thought of William Sage and his success. "Oh!" said she "if William were only here he would get clear—alas! what shall I do to secure his services?"

From New York Rosetta hastened to Novello. Here she entered his office, veiled and in tears! "O! Mr. Sage," said she "I am in trouble—trouble beyond measure—you have had wonderful success in saving prisoners from the Penitentiary. Oh! Mr. Sage I am afraid he will be doomed thither—help us William—do help us, and you will be our eternal benefactor."

"Who? your husband?" said William.

"What Professor Van Spitsbergen—is he a culprit?"

"Yes," said she "but do come to New York, and save us—for if he goes to the Penitentiary I must go with him!"

"Well go," said William—"for as you went to the concert to sing with him, you may now go with him to Sing Sing!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
ACHARONTIA.
FROM THE FRENCH.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

To mortal man more fearful than the grave, In that lone spot there yawned a horrid cave Called Acharontia. Terror in its name, From Hell's dread river Acharon it came— A fabled stream, by which no mortals dare, Not even the Gods themselves presume to swear. On this dread river, so the legends tell, Launch but your boat and you sink to hell! To hell whose lurid flame eternal burns The land of Demons, whence no ghost returns, The infernal realms whose balls are riven, With wail of spirits dragged from Heaven's! From this dread cave exhaled a poisonous breath Which filled the air with pestilence and death. The earth for miles around was parched and bare, No dew—no rains, distilled their moisture, No trees—no shrubs in this dread country grew Save the sad cypress and the funeral yew! Nor changing seasons to those skies could bring The new-born graces of returning spring! No smiling Flora strewn with flowers the ground, Nor with the golden sheaf was autumn crowned. In vain, and worse than vain the laborer's toil, And vain each effort to improve the soil; For bitter was the grass that it grew, And bitter was the troubled fountains too! The birds of heav'n found there no sheltering groves, To rear their tender young and chaunt their pair, But spread their weary wings and left the pair, Nor to that dawning spot returned again! But there the boiling owl, ill-omened bird, And croaking raven were forever heard! From this cavern's mouth at times there came, Borne on the breath of hell a liquid flame, Whose Stygian fumes a shade of darkness threw, And rank contagion o'er the country flew! Then each bosom filled with black despair, Their death and danger brooded in the air! On each altar accursed, many a victim died, For sought, alas, but human sacrifice. Could these infernal deities suppose, And stay the ravages of fell disease! Such was the spot as ancient legends tell, And such the fabled entrance to Hell!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
GOING HOME.

BY MATTHEW.

From all life's loneliness and gloom,
From all its wistful hopes and fears,
From all the shadows of the tomb,
From fading joys and bitter tears,
From sad forebodings and gloomy fears,
From angry waves that wildly foam,
From morning hours and sorrow's darts,
O! pilgrims, we are going home.

A few more years of toil and we,
A few more lonely days on earth,
A few more sad farewells below,
A few more tears around our hearts,
And we shall see in shining light
The glories of the heavenly dome,
O! pilgrims faint not in the night,
When morning dawns we'll be at home.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
MAJOR ANDRE.

BY WILMOT.

The history of our revolutionary struggles, were it all a fiction, might form the plan and outline of a most noble epic; and we trust the day is not far distant when some bold brilliant genius—some modern Virgil—will weave in immortal verse the story of the trials and triumphs of our fathers. It abounds in fine examples of the morally sublime—in traits of heroic self-devotion in strongly marked diversity of character, and extreme vicissitudes of fortune, as wonderful and interesting as the most ardent lover of romance could desire.

We are as yet, perhaps, too near in point of time to the season of these events to feel the full force of this observation. The play of the imagination is restrained by the closeness of the view, and the swell of sentiment is repressed by the accuracy of our acquaintance with their least interesting qualities. Homer, Milton and Virgil wrote their grand epics many centuries after the occurrence of the events described by them in such inimitable verse. Such men as Alexander, Darius and Caesar are known only in the days of their glory. We take leave of the heroes of the Illiad while they still glitter in "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" with all their noble qualities fresh and untarnished—the Greeks flushed with victory and the Trojans celebrating the funeral of their brave Hector. But the champions of our Revolution have hardly all yet passed from our view. We follow them into retirement and see them doff the martial dress for the farmer's homespun, and the youthful warrior become the quiet citizen. Posterity will see better because paradoxical as it may seem they will not see so much, and will justly wonder at the coldness and indifference with which we regard the Revolution independent of its consequences.

Among the many incidents of our Revolution which might furnish striking episodes for an epic, the execution of Major Andre is perhaps one of the most dramatically interesting. For one so young, so brave, so gifted, it must have been indeed a hard struggle to die upon the scaffold. And well has a chivalrous American exclaimed, "would that the tears of Mary had outweighed the sword of Justice."

The circumstances connected with his melancholy fate are too well known to require more than a brief recapitulation. History informs us that at an early age he was filled with high aspirations and noble longings after fame, little dreaming that he was destined to find an inglorious grave.

And thus we find him forsaking the land of his birth—his home and all its endearing ties, bidding adieu to a fond mother and three loved sisters—and one—ah yes—one whom he had loved from boyhood, at whose feet he had bowed to cast his ardent hopes—we find him leaving

all these, and under the broad folds of his country's flag, striving to win a name and fame not even to be forgotten. Entering upon his military duties with all the zeal and activity of his noble nature, he soon gained the esteem and confidence of his general, and rapidly rose from rank to rank, until finally he reached that of Major General of the British forces. Hitherto his career had been a brilliant one, and gave promise of a glorious future, when that black-hearted traitor, Arnold—a "villain doubly damned"—in the language of a historian, "crept into the paradise of his purity and destroyed him."

A hazardous enterprise now presented itself to him—the taking of West Point. Having entered into a correspondence with Arnold, in a few months the plot was ripe. But before the denouement of the plot it became necessary for him to pass through the American lines. His situation was truly a perilous one; yet full of hope and self-confidence he determined to brave the worst. He soon passed as he thought the American lines, and doubtless, bright anticipations of a glorious future beguiled the tedium of his solitary path. In a fancy he saw the war finished, the flag of his country proudly floating over a conquered nation. Already he heard, in dreams, the plaudits of the English hosts and the glad welcome of a grateful monarch.

Fame, wealth and title—the earnest of a country's gratitude seemed already to have been his, and to render his sensations more exquisitely delightful, his mind, doubtless, looked forward to that happy moment, when covered with the laurels of victory, he should clasp to his bosom one who had promised to be his bride.

From a dream of felicity so transcendent, how horrible the awakening. From scenes of refinement, sentiment and glory his fancy was recalled by the rude summons of the plain spoken rustic that arrested him. He awoke to find himself foiled, his schemes baffled, his brightest hopes blighted, and his prospects of future glory changed to the contemplation of disappointment, captivity and an inglorious death.

The circumstances of his trial need not be repeated here. After a fair and impartial trial, and after every effort consistent with the public safety, had been made to save him, he was condemned to suffer death as a spy.

"And though," says a writer, "Columbus wept at the sacrifice, the sighs of sorrow mingled with the voice of reproach."

His trial took place on the 29th Sept., 1780, and a few days later, was the brave and gallant Andre by the stern rules of war condemned to yield his spirit up to Him who gave it.

And now let us enter through the thick glooms of his lonely cell, and whilst mortal mists are gathering thick and fast upon his pale brow, and the pavilions of life are closing their shadowy curtains about him, let us try to discover the flying features of his thoughts. Memory with all her busy train, doubtless, fills his narrow cell with the phantom visions of the past—with scenes of his boyhood—haunting him like some "wild far-off melody." In fancy he sees proud Albion's coast, her battlements and her ivy-clad towers, which in his childhood, he was wont to people with the stern, steel-clad warriors of the days of the lion-hearted Richard. For a moment perhaps, forgetful of his approaching death, as he thinks of the dear ones at home, his eye kindles with hope and joyful anticipation. In imagination he is seated by his "aimable side," and the rapture of delighted affection beams in his handsome countenance. But ah! the gloomy thought of death, which will not "drown at his bidding," comes back to tear him away from such dreams, and tells him that never again shall he hear the joyous laugh of his sisters, three—that never again shall the gentle accents of his widowed mother fall upon his ear like sweetest music; but upon that lofty brow "shame shall her torture place, where affection's kisses had lingered and a home left its trace."

Let us turn from this sad picture to another on the following day. The loud boom of the cannon, the slow and solemn beat of the muffled drum and the measured tread of the guard, falling in ominous accents upon the still air, announced to the hushed multitude the approach of the prisoner. His step was firm, his bearing dignified and manly, and though the sight of the scaffold caused him to shudder (for he had asked for a soldier's—not a felon's death) it was but momentary. It is not wonderful that in the bitterness of despair, with the full tide of his mournful thoughts pushing upon him, he should exclaim as he stood at the foot of the gallows, "and must I die this?" His last words, before stepping from time into eternity, were: "I call you to witness that I die like a brave man." And soon the spirit of the unfortunate Englishman soared far above the ignominious gallows and paused only before the portals of Heaven.

Thus died the gallant Andre—universally esteemed and regretted by friends and foes. The only blemish on his fair fame was his attacking and once to prostitute a

flag. Examined by the sober rules of moral philosophy, his conduct in this one instance cannot be excused. But if we examine it by the stern and rigid rules of war, we must acquit him, for, says a writer, they are but satires of human nature.

Let oblivion cast her veil over his fault and memory be true only to his virtues.

And whilst Arnold has inscribed his name "high upon the pillar of infamy," the name of his victim will call forth the sympathy and respect of all true and chivalrous Americans.

His remains now repose beneath a beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey—England's repository of her illustrious dead.

And whilst the stranger muses over the various fortunes of the sleepers beneath him, he will not fail to drop the tribute of a tear at the tomb of Andre.

"There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But not one swell the funeral cry,
And triumph sweeps above the brave.
There honor comes—a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,
And pity shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
"NO GOD?"

BY JANTIE.

Each tiny flower, that drinks the dew,
At eve, or blushing light—
Each twinkling star, that burns in blue,
Watching the weary night—
Each quivering leaf, each budding tree,
That blooms within the wood;
Each blade of grass upon the lea,
Whispers "There is a God!"

The birds, that soar 'neath heaven's blue dome,
Warbling their songs of glee—
The rapid streams as on they race,
Swelling the hoarse sea—
The moon-beams glancing on the lake—
Kissing the weeping sod—
Gleaming upon the falling lake—
All say "There is a God!"

The brilliant hue of every flower,
That blooms within the vale—
The gentle patter of the shower—
The sighing of the gentle breeze—
The glistering dew, at early morn,
That decks the grassy sod—
The yellow fields of waving corn,
Each say "There is a God!"

"No God!" The thunder is His voice,
The heavens are His abode;
In pardoning sins, He doth rejoice,
And dwelleth with the good;
The valleys leap and sing for joy,
(He rules with a mild rod.)

From the Southern Light.
CHURCH MUSIC.

The editor of the New York Mirror tells of a "friend of ours" who went to meeting the other evening, where they sang old hymns to new fangled tunes. He describes the performance in this wise:

"(Oh! Sol, Sol, Sol, Salvation,
Come down from up on high.)"

"Then the women in the choir—the sweet singers in Israel—took up the refrain, and answering, sang—"

"We want a man, man,
We want a man, man, festation by thy grace."

We have often been grieved at the carelessness, and the deplorable ignorance displayed in the selection of fugue tunes for hymns by those who claimed to be musicians, or who at any rate deemed themselves capable of leading the singing in the services of the sanctuary. It has been our misfortune to hear noble and beautiful hymns sung to tunes which were the same in metre but in nothing else. We can recall instances now in almost every country-church have been selected and sung—no regard being had to the character of the unfortunate hymn. So the metre was the same—all was right. The expression and sentiment of the hymn was sacrificed to the tune. In many cases, the sense of the hymn was disregarded, and all this too under the name of worship—of adoration and of praise to the Almighty.

Since the introduction of choirs and of instruments into our churches, and the more general diffusion of musical knowledge, the evil to which we allude has been greatly remedied. A good Choir Leader, even if wanting somewhat in taste, will select tunes with reference to something else besides the metre. A well organized and well drilled musician will at once see the absurdity of mutilating a hymn merely to adapt it to a beautiful and popular tune. And an intelligent Choir will soon become sufficiently versed in their knowledge both of music and of hymns to not as a check upon an ambitious leader when the desire of "showing off" will at first lead into some minor error. Every good thing can be abused, as daily experience teaches, and in every fashionable church where opera singers are hired to conduct the singing, some violations of musical taste and propriety as regards the selection of tunes may occur, but these are comparatively rare.

Our remarks are intended to aid in correcting an evil which exists to too great an extent in the South. We wish the people to sing—but we want them to sing correctly—with the spirit and the understanding.

Wines a potent individual politely observes to you: "You had better eat me up, hadn't

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.
One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.
Each additional week 25c. The following are the rates for the insertion of advertisements in the columns of the paper:
One square, 12 lines, 1 month, \$3.00.
Two squares, 24 lines, 1 month, \$5.00.
Three squares, 36 lines, 1 month, \$7.00.
Half column, 18 lines, 1 month, \$2.00.
Professional and business cards, not exceeding six lines, per annum, \$5.00.

The Friend's Yearly Meeting.

The Friends, or Quakers of North-Carolina hold a yearly meeting, including the first Sabbath of November in each year at New Garden in this county. This meeting taking place during the past week, has suggested the propriety of collecting together some of the rules and doctrines of this Society of Christians, for the edification of such of our readers as may be edified thereby.

The society of Friends or Quakers arose in England about the middle of the seventeenth century. The Reformation was producing a commotion in the religious world; the fetters, in which priestcraft had long held the human mind, were beginning to be loosened; and many pointing after a nearer acquaintance with God, and a dominion over their appetites and passions, which they could not obtain by the observance of the ceremonies of religion, were earnestly enquiring, "What must we do to be saved?"

Among other zealous ministers that rose as leaders in these troublous times, George Fox, as the acknowledged founder of the Quaker church, stands very prominent.

Another commotion, added to the contest between the Reformers and the Priestcraft, doubtless had much influence in shaping the crude notions of the new sects. The nation was torn by intestine strife. Civil war, with its attendant evils, raged throughout England, and the lives and the property of the subjects, were at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Many were stripped of their possessions, reduced from affluence or ease to poverty and want, and often obliged to abandon their homes and flee for their lives. This melancholy state of affairs had a tendency to loosen their attachments from the world, by showing the precarious tenure of all earthly enjoyments, and to induce them to press a few substantial consolations which are only to be found in a religious life.

The rapid spread of the doctrines preached by George Fox was surprising; and among those who embraced them were persons esteemed of the best families; several priests of the Episcopal denomination and ministers of other societies; besides many other learned and substantial men. A large number of ministers, both men and women, were soon raised up in the infant society who travelled abroad, as they believed themselves divinely called, spreading the knowledge of the truth, and strengthening and comforting the newly convinced. In a few years meetings were settled in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom; and notwithstanding the severe persecution to which the society was subjected, by which thousands were locked up in jails and dungeons, besides being subjected to barbarous personal abuse, its members continued to increase. Their sufferings seemed only to animate them with fresh ardor.

As early as the year 1655, some ministers travelled on the continent of Europe and settled meetings in Holland and other places; some travelled into Asia, some were carried to Africa; and several were imprisoned in the Inquisitions of Rome, Malta and Hungary. About the same period the first Friends arrived in America, at the port of Boston. Many on this side of the Ocean embraced their doctrines, but the spirit of persecution, from which they had suffered so deeply in England, made its appearance in America with increased violence and cruelty, inflicting upon the peaceable Quakers various punishments; and finally four of them were put to death by the gallows at Boston. Notwithstanding the opposition, they continued to increase; many eminent ministers joined them from England; and in 1682 a large number, under the patronage of William Penn, settled the flourishing colony of Pennsylvania. At that time meetings were settled along the Atlantic coast from Boston to North-Carolina; and at the present day the largest body of Quakers is to be found in the United States.

As a society they possess many peculiarities. Our limits, however, will permit us merely to notice a few. The Discipline of the Society embraces four grades of meetings. First the preparative meetings; second, the monthly meetings; third, the quarterly meetings; fourth, the yearly meetings. The yearly meeting embraces the highest authority known in the society, and its decisions are final. There are in existence now only nine yearly meetings, two in Europe and seven in the United States. They all keep up a regular correspondence, by means of delegates to each meeting from all other meetings.

The doctrine of the immediate presence of Christ with his church, whether assembled for the purpose of Divine worship, or for the transaction of its disciplinary affairs, is the foundation of all its authority. Hence they have no one to act in the capacity of a Chairman, as Christ Jesus is acknowledged to preside, and his spirit and wisdom only to govern. The person appointed as clerk is to gather and record the solid sense and judgment of Truth as manifested in the meeting; but no vote is ever taken, nor is any question decided by a majority.

Owing to the civil war and persecution in the first days of the Society, great care was taken of the poor and destitute; and this has ever been kept up, as one of them ever being thrown upon the public for support. They also make special provision for the education of all poor children, by providing good seminaries of learning, taught by members of the society, where the moral and religious training of the pupils, as well as their literary instruction may be attended to, and to which the children of all their members may have free access.

In reference to Marriage, the Society believes that it is a divine ordinance, and that none but the Lord alone can rightly join any in this solemn covenant. It has therefore always had a conscientious scruple against acknowledging the authority of priests, ministers, or magistrates, in the solemnization of marriage. Those intending to marry, appear before a monthly meeting, with their parents or a certificate of consent. A committee is then appointed to examine into the matter and report at the next meeting. If no objection is reported, the parties have the consent of the meeting to accomplish the marriage. This is done by a public meeting for worship where the parties stand up and solemnly take each other for husband and wife. Burials are conducted in a simple and unostentatious manner. To avoid unnecessary expense, which might be oppressive to the poor, they wear no mourning apparel—their coffins are plain—they discourage long processions of carriages and the erection of tomb stones.

In reference to war, the society believes it is wholly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, which continually breathes peace on earth and good-will to men. They receive in their full significance, the plain and positive command of Christ; "I say unto you that ye resist not evil," "love your enemies; bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you &c."

They hold, also, that under the Gospel dispensation there is no inherent holiness in any one day above another, and hence they observe the sabbath merely as necessary for rest to man and beast.

As to slavery, the Friends believe it is a crying sin, entirely at variance with the commands of Christ and the spirit of Christian religion.

In conformity with what the Society believes the precepts and examples of the apostles and primitive believers, it "enjoins upon its members a simple and unostentatious mode of living, free from needless care and expense; moderation in the pursuit of business; and that they discontinue lotteries of every kind, music, dancing, stage plays, horse races, and all other vain and unprofitable amusements; as well as the changeable fashions and manners of the world, in dress, or the furniture of their houses; that daily living in the fear of God and under the power of the cross of Christ which crucifies to the world and all its lusts, they may show forth a conduct and conversation becoming their Christian profession, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

EDUCATIONAL MEETING.

According to notice previously given by the chairman of the Common Schools of Iredell County, several of the citizens of Iredell, convened at the Court House in Statesville, on Saturday, Oct. 31st, 1857. Mr. Campbell acting as temporary Chairman. After some preliminary remarks by Rev. B. Clegg, it was on motion resolved that an Educational Association be organized. The meeting was therefore duly organized by appointing John Davidson Chairman, and M. F. Freeland and J. F. Bell, Jr., Secretaries.

The persons present then enrolled their names as regular members of the Association.

The Chairman then directed the secretary to read the General Superintendent's "Directions for the formation of County and District educational associations."

The Constitution proposed by the General Superintendent was also read by the Secretary, by order of the house.

On motion of Rev. B. Clegg, it was resolved that we adopt the constitution recommended by the General Superintendent.

On motion of Col. Campbell, the Chairman appointed J. F. Bell, Jr., Rev. B. Clegg and Col. M. Campbell a Committee to draft By-Laws.

The association then proceeded to fill the blanks in the Constitution.

Rev. B. Clegg moved that this association hold its meetings quarterly, two in the town of Statesville, and two at any other points, hereafter to be agreed upon. Carried.

The association then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. The election resulted as follows:

Rev. B. Clegg, President;

Rev. W. W. Pharr, Vice President;

J. F. Bell, Jr., Secretary;

E. W. Faucette, Cor. Sec., and Treas.

On motion of Rev. W. W. Pharr, it was resolved that this association, when it adjourns, adjourn to meet in the town of Statesville on the second Saturday of December, next.

Resolved, on motion, That Rev. B. Clegg deliver an address before the association at that time, and that the public generally be invited to attend.

Resolved, That Rev. W. W. Pharr be his alternate.

On motion of Rev. W. W. Pharr, Resolved, That the secretaries furnish an abstract of the proceedings of this association to the Salisbury Watchman and Salisbury Banner.

Prof. A. H. Merritt and J. H. Foote, offered several well timed remarks in behalf of the NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

H. W. Ayer stated, for the information of those connected with the Common Schools, that he was now ready to furnish, for cash, at reduced prices, a complete list of the books recommended by the General Superintendent.

On motion, the association adjourned to meet in Statesville, the 2nd Saturday (12th) of December, 1857.

JNO. DAVIDSON, Chairman.
M. F. FREELAND, J. F. BELL, JR., Secretaries.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The Panic—Times better—Meetings of unemployed working men—Work or Village—Election—Amusements—the Green Monument &c.—November, 4th 1857.

DEAR TIMES—It may be probable that you have been wondering the cause of my long silence and I can only account for it myself, by saying that my ideas have taken advantage of the "Panic" and suspended, and knowing you to be lenient creditors, took an extension without asking it. By the way speaking of the panic, I am happy to state that we believe the worst is past, and times seem to be growing better but still we feel its effects for there are a great many of our Working men who are out of employment, and as they say they cannot obtain work and will not starve, we expect to have some trouble. They mustered to the number of six or eight thousand a day or two since, preceded by music and bearing banners with words, inscribed on them in English and German; they made speeches stating that they represented some fifty thousand unemployed laborers and must have work or they would get food by force, and to-morrow they hold a mass meeting to decide upon what measures they will pursue of which I will send you a report.

Yesterday was election day here and thank to the law (which prohibits the sale of liquor on election day,) we had a most quiet and peaceable time, no fighting or riots of any kind which is very unusual for this city. The Democracy carried the city by fifteen thousand majority but the State is yet doubtful but it is supposed to be Black republican, the result however is still uncertain.

Notwithstanding the hard times our places of Amusement are well filled and do not get greatly to relieve the mind of many a pang of care. The Broadway, Wallacks, Laura Keans, Bartons, Bowery, National, and German Theatres, are all in full blast, Christy and Woods Minstrels have opened a new and splendid Hall on Broadway, and are nightly filled with the beauty and fashion of the city and I must say they deserve their great success, for their Music is excellent and in caricatures, they out nigger a nigger long ways; they are undoubtedly the head of their profession and delineate the beauties of "our peculiar institution" to life.

We have but little of particular interest here now, the monetary matters have absorbed everything else and it really seems as if we were a second edition of the children of Israel, worshipping a golden calf, only our calf is in the shape of a dollar.

I am happy to see so decided a move in behalf of the Green Monument and hope one may be reared that will do equal honor to the old North State and the memories of her noble sons.

Hoping you may "ketch that er Bar."

I am truly, yours,

SPERRY.

A SHOWER OF MANNA. Do not be incredulous reader, when we inform you that on Monday last at the foot of Clear Lake in this country, a shower of sugar candy fell, covering a large tract of country. It covered every thing—leaves of trees, rocks, and the earth's surface alike.

When discovered by the inhabitants the next morning a part of it was of the consistency of syrup and the rest as perfectly crystallized as the candy of the shops. Its taste is precisely similar to that of unfavored candy. Mr. J. Hale, the Clear Lake expressman saw it while on the ground, and collected a box as samples which he brought to us. There is no mistake about the matter, as the public may learn for themselves by calling at our office. The specimens before us are generally irregularly crystallized, rounded at one end and irregular in form at the other, as if broken off from some surface to which they adhered. They are from one-fourth to five-eighths of an inch in length, some pure white and others of a delicate pink hue. Their general appearance is that of very small stage mites, such as we have often seen in caves. A similar shower, occurred at Salt Lake some years since. Naturalists pretend to explain such phenomena by saying that such saccharine showers are of insect origin; but their explanations are even more improbable than the fact itself—the latter being well attested, and the former a mere theory to excuse ignorance of Nature's wondrous workings.—Napa Republican.

VIRGINIA STATE DEBT.—The interest on the whole debt amounts to \$1,700,000 annually. It is paid half yearly! About \$350,000 of the amount is paid in Richmond. The greater portion of the balance is remitted to New York and London, to be disbursed to bond holders in those two places. The interests accruing and due in July is sent to London early in June, so that it is always ready when called for.

PUNISHMENT FOR DESERTION.—We understand, says the Norfolk Day Book, that a United States soldier is to be branded in the hand with the letter "D," to have his head shaved, and to be "drummed out" from Fort Monroe to the tune of the "Rogue's March," on the 14th instant for desertion.

THE BUSY WORLD.

NEGO-STEALERS CAUGHT.—Two underground railroad agents from "way down east" were captured in Sumter county Ga., last week and lodged in jail. It seems that the scoundrels had several interviews with some negroes and persuaded some of them to leave for free-niggerdom, but one of the "would-be midnight emigrants" informed his master of the affair. The master thereupon dressed and blacked himself into a counterfeit negro and went to the place of rendezvous, where he met the "liberators" and talked and laughed "high negro" to them until all their plans were discovered, and evidence enough to convict obtained, when the master and confederates threw off their disguises and arrested the thieves, and sent them to "durance vile" and the prospect of a few years at hard labor.

SILVER COUNTERFEITS.—A large quantity of counterfeit halves and quarters are in circulation in Cincinnati. The coin is but fairly executed, and may be readily detected on examination.

DISSOLUTION.—The New School Presbyterian Synod of Virginia, at its meeting in Washington city last week, resolved, 32 to 3, to withdraw from the General Assembly in consequence of the anti-slavery resolutions of the latter at Cleveland.

AMERICAN PRESSES FOR BRITISH PAPERS.—Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., of New York, the inventors of the lightning press, are building two ten cylinder presses for the London Times, one six cylinder for the London Morning Star, and one for a London illustrated weekly paper, one for the Manchester Times, and one for the Manchester Guardian.

SUICIDE.—The Salisbury Watchman learns that Mr. G. Parker, a native of Davie county, but merchandising at Wilbur, Wilkes county, N. C., committed suicide, last week, by taking laudanum. No cause assigned.

GEORGIA FINANCES.—The disbursement of the Georgia treasury for the fiscal year ending on the 30th inst. reached \$949,616.06, and the receipts for the same time \$511,689.00. Of the balance of \$437,926.16, the sum of \$225,564, consisting of bank stock, is unavailable.

SINGULAR CALF.—We learn from the Richmond Whig, that Mr. Wm. O'Hollandsworth, of Raleigh county, Va., owns a calf which has no eyes, nor very little appearance of any, with the exception of some very small eyelashes on each side of its head. It is said to be a fine large calf, and can go through a gap in a fence, a gate or any entrance, without difficulty, and can tell when it is getting close to a stump, a tree or a fence, as well as a person can. It can also discover when a stranger is near, as easily as if it could see.

SAD AFFAIR.—The York District Chronicle published a correspondence between B. Douglas & Co., and Mr. James Allen, Jr., which indicated that some difficulty would result between the parties.—Mr. T. J. Bell being supposed to have communicated to the former [commercial agency in Charleston] something derogatory to the character of the latter.

We learn that a meeting took place on Saturday last, between Mr. Bell and Mr. Jas. Allen, Sr., when an altercation ensued, and the latter was shot and killed by the former. Much excitement exists at Yorkville in relation to the horrid event.

DOESTICKS MARRIED.—The celebrated "Doesticks," (Mortimer Thompson,) of the Tribune and editor of the New York Pickayune, was married to Miss Anna H. VanClove, of Minnesota, on the 23rd ult.

METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.—From the General Minutes of the Church, just published, it appears that there are 23 Conferences, 2,171 traveling preachers, 4,000 local preachers, 399,382 white members and 60,770 on probation.—30,400 Indian members and 296 on probation. The total of ministers and members is 645,708, which is an increase of 15,816. Seven of the Conferences exhibit a decrease, sixteen an increase.

WELL DONE VIRGINIA LADIES.—On Saturday of last week, the temperance folks of Millwood, Frederick county, had an interesting time. A procession was formed, in which, in addition to the members of that body, were a goodly number of ladies, bearing a banner inscribed with "Teetotalers or no husbands."

THE NEW YORK POOR.—In our New York correspondence this week is an allusion to the "unemployed laborers." It seems that their threats were not idle or unmeaning. The city papers say that on Tuesday morning, 3rd, a squad of troops of men, old women, boys and girls, tore down the wooden railings which surround Tompkins Square, and carried them off for firewood. Hammers and axes were vigorously plied to root up the posts which remained fast in the ground, and so successfully was the work accomplished, that, were it not for the trees, the Square would now present the appearance of a vast vacant lot. Even the benches were carried off. Another party encountering a baker's wagon in avenue B, made an attack upon it, and seized some fifty loaves. Many articles were stolen from stores where they were placed upon the sidewalk for show, and a general closing of stores of all kinds was the necessary consequence throughout that quarter of the city.

AFFECTING CASE.—Charles Cowland, a youth nineteen years of age, arraigned last Wednesday in the Federal Court at Norfolk, and when called upon to plead, arose as pale as death, and for some time his lips were sealed; at length he said: "Gentlemen of the jury—I plead guilty. In an unguarded moment I committed the act, and would afterwards have given the world had I never done it. All that I can ask, gentlemen, is that, as I am young, it may go some way in mitigating my punishment." Mr. Taz. Taylor, his counsel, made some feeling remarks, stating that this youth was the darling of a fond and doting mother. The Court, jury and bar seemed much affected, and many tears were shed. The Jury found him guilty.

The Judge will, during the term, sentence him, for not less than ten nor more than twenty years—the minimum and maximum terms. It will be remembered his crime was rifling letters of money in the Post Office at Portsmouth, whilst employed there as a clerk.

NEW STATES.—Three territories, Oregon, Kansas, and Minnesota will apply to the next Congress for admission into the Union. Of these Minnesota alone has finally adopted a Constitution—the Conventions of the other two being now at work framing their fundamental law. All of them will be free States, and by their admission the North will acquire a decided majority in the U. S. Senate. Three new territories, Arizona, Dakota, and Carson, it is supposed will be organized, at the same session; and these in a few years will also be applicants for admission as free States.

EDUCATION IN ALABAMA.—An Alabama exchange, says:—The whole number of public schools in Alabama is 2,260. The average length of time during which the schools were taught, a small fraction over six months. The average attendance is 37,203. There are embraced in this report 197 private schools, having 3774 pupils, 74 academies, with 3995 pupils, and 20 colleges, with 1090 pupils.

BEAR KILLED.—The Clinton Independent says a large bear was killed in Sampson County last week. Wonder if it was our bear?

RAILROAD FOR SALE.—The Alexandria Gazette of Wednesday morning states that the Alexandria and Washington Railroad, with its locomotive and cars, will be offered at public sale on the 1st of December next.

DOUBLE HEADED CALF.—A calf was sent through Charlottesville Va. on Tuesday, from Rockingham, that had a double head, two mouths, four eyes, &c. It could eat with either mouth. The body was like that of any other calf, of the same age.

SHOCKING DEATH.—The Danville (Va.) Register of the 5th, says Isaac Patterson, a citizen of Caswell county, N. C., left Danville Tuesday evening, in a buggy, for his home. Not far from town he was shortly afterwards discovered dead. It seems that he had fallen from his buggy, and when discovered one of the wheels of the vehicle was resting upon his neck, the blood was oozing from his ears and nose, and his neck broken. It is said that he was intoxicated when he left Danville, and this probably accounts for his fall from the buggy and his horrible death.

TOBACCO FACTORIES.—The Richmond Dispatch states that out of the fifty tobacco factories in that city, only some half dozen are now at work. The negroes that were employed in those which have stopped operations, have been sent home to the country.

In Danville, another large tobacco market, the factories have been more fortunate, as the Register says "have ceased to operate in consequence of the monetary panic."

HOGS IN TENNESSEE.—A letter from Shelbyville, Tenn., to one of our exchanges, says that there will be fatted for market from 150,000 to 200,000 hogs, within an area of fifty miles each way from that point.

COL. NATHANIEL WILSON, a soldier, in the war of 1812, and afterwards an extensive merchant in Danville, Va., died on the 13th October, aged 76 years.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN TEXAS.—A fire occurred at Brownsville, Texas, recently, by which ninety-five kegs of powder exploded, killing four persons and injuring several others. The loss is estimated at \$200,000.

BETTER TIMES.—The Citizens' Bank, in New Orleans, resumed specie payments on the 4th inst. Considerable specie was coming in. The engagements of the previous day were met, and business prospects were brightening.

The Providence R. I. Journal describes the aspect of affairs as better in that city.

A TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC has broken out at Chicago, resembling the black vomit. It carries off its victims in a few hours. It attacks alike both persons and cattle.

I. O. O. F.—The number of Odd Fellows, in good standing, in Illinois, is over 11,000, with 233 lodges. The relief afforded, last year, \$12,000.

COUNCIL OF STATE.—We learn that Gov. Briggs has notified the council of State to meet at the Capitol on Tuesday, the 10th inst., for the purpose of appointing a successor to the late Secretary of State.

THE CAUSE OF IT.—Dr. Duff, writing from Calcutta, to the "Presbyterian," says that the terrible native rebellion there is the result of a long connected Mohammedan conspiracy against the British power, with a view to the reestablishment of a Mohammedan dynasty instead.

ABERRATION OF MIND.—The Richmond Whig of Tuesday, gives the following lamentable circumstance.—Rev. S. S. Bryant was before a commission de lunatico inquirendo, at the Mayor's office, yesterday, for examination on the charge of supposed lunacy, produced by the internal use of morphia and ardent spirits. The investigation resulted in a discharge of Mr. Bryant, who proposes to leave the city.

GEN. WALKER SAILED.—A despatch from New York the evening of the 7th, says that Gen. Walker sailed this week from New Orleans with 1,500 troops, in a five steamer, with plenty of provisions and ammunition. Colonel Duncan, U. S. commands his artillery.

WHISKEY.—At Cincinnati, we see that the article of whiskey is down to fifteen and a quarter cents per gallon. This is almost "dog cheap," as it should be, for the hogs even are killed by the "mud" of which the detestable, stercorine, and consequently, poisonous, liquor is distilled. We would as soon ask an apothecary for a dose of strychnine, and drink it, as to call at a saloon for, and drink a glass of this whiskey. No wonder it is cheap, and no wonder we see so many swelled heads and faces—so many fit subjects for lunatic asylums in every community.—Good people, "we pray you avoid it."

GROWING WORSE.—Telegraphic news from New York, date the 9th inst., says the hunger mob charge Mayor Wood with humbuggery, and threaten to drag him out of office. Fifty policemen have been sent to protect him. Assistant Treasurer Ceseo, in consequence of the threats of the mob, telegraphed to Washington for troops to protect the Sub-treasury, Marshal Rynders has also telegraphed for troops.

PATENTS.—Mr. A. J. Hardin, of Shelby, in this State, obtained, on the 6th inst., a patent for a Hill Side Plough; and on the 13th inst., Mr. Z. Butt of Lincolnton a patent for a self-dumping Truck.

ALABAMA STATE FAIR.—The third annual fair of the Alabama State Agricultural Society will be held at Montgomery on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of November. Hon. Edward Everett will visit Montgomery during the fair, and deliver his celebrated oration on the life and character of Washington in aid of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

MARTHA WASHINGTON COLLEGE.—An effort has been made by the Board of Trustees, to place that institution under the control of the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and the prospect for completing the arrangement is very flattering.

PERSONAL.—The Winston Statesman says:—The Rev. J. E. Mann, who has been the devoted pastor of the Methodist E. Church in this place for two years, preached his farewell sermon to a very large and attentive congregation, on Sunday last. Mr. Mann has, during his two years of labor among the people of this place, by his devotion to the cause of religion and his christian department, won the esteem of the whole community, and his departure from among us is deeply regretted by all.

INSANE ASYLUM.—Mrs. E. A. Martindale of Raleigh, was unanimously elected Matron of the Asylum for the Insane, at the regular annual meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Tuesday 3rd inst., the incumbent's term having expired. The Standard says "from a thorough knowledge of the qualifications of Mrs. M., in all respects, we believe no better selection could have been made. We congratulate every interest concerned."

THE U. S. COURT for the Eastern District of Virginia was opened last Tuesday, in Richmond, Judge Halliburton presiding. The only criminal case is that of the U. S. versus Cowling for robbing the Raleigh mail. The Grand Jury found three true bills against the accused.

CONVENTION OF TOBACCONISTS.—The Tobacco manufacturers of Lynchburg have appointed delegates to attend a convention of the trade in Richmond the first Thursday in December.

They invite tobaccoists throughout Virginia and North Carolina to unite in the movement.

POST-MASTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—The Postmaster General has recently decided, that if the Postmasters do not give publishers of newspapers notice when their papers remain in the Post Office without being taken out by the subscribers within five weeks, they are liable for the pay.

NOT LOST.—The Havana correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes that forty of the passengers by the Central America are detained in Cuba by the severe quarantine laws.

SINGULAR GAS LEAK.—While boring an artesian well in the basement of a paper mill near Watertown, N. Y., and when a depth of sixty feet had been reached, the drill working badly, a light was brought to discover the cause, when an inflammable gas issued from the hole, and lighting, shot upon a flame which reached the floor overhead. Two streams of water were turned on from hydrants, but could not check the flames until the whole force of a flame was let into the building and saved it. The gas, however, kept burning until a hand pipe was thrust into the hole.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBOROUGH MARKET, Nov. 11.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.
Butter 20c; Coffee 16c; Candles, Tallow 22c; Eggs 10c; Apples 12c; Sugar 50c; Corn 60c; Meal 60c; Chickens 10c; Hens 10c; Feathers 40c; Hides 10c; 5.00c; 0.00c; Flaxseed 1.00c; Hides, green 5.00c; Hay 40c; Pork 16c; Lard 18c; Molasses 60c; Nails 6c; Potatoes 50c; Peas 8.00c; Beans 6c; Rice 8c; Salt 2.25c; 2.50c; Sugar, Brown 12c; Leaf 18c, crushed 18c, clarified 10c; Tallow 12c; Wheat 80c; 1.00c, Wool 50c.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Nov. 10.
Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon, hams 16c; 17c; western sides 16c; 17c; Brandy peach 70c; 75c; Apples 10c; Butter 28c; 30c; Beeswax 26c; 27c; Cheese 12c; 13c; Candles, Adamantine 28c; 30c; sperm 60c; Corn 60c; 65c; Cotton 16c; 17c; Coffee, 11c; 12c; Hops 12c; 13c; Lard 18c; 19c; Molasses 60c; 65c; Pork 16c; 17c; Potatoes 50c; Peas 8.00c; Beans 6c; Rice 8c; Salt 2.25c; 2.50c; Sugar, Brown 12c; Leaf 18c, crushed 18c, clarified 10c; Tallow 12c; Wheat 80c; 1.00c, Wool 50c.

NORFOLK MARKET, Nov. 9.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Bacon, hams 16c; 17c; western sides 16c; 17c; Brandy peach 70c; 75c; Apples 10c; Butter 28c; 30c; Beeswax 26c; 27c; Cheese 12c; 13c; Candles, Adamantine 28c; 30c; sperm 60c; Corn 60c; 65c; Cotton 16c; 17c; Coffee, 11c; 12c; Hops 12c; 13c; Lard 18c; 19c; Molasses 60c; 65c; Pork 16c; 17c; Potatoes 50c; Peas 8.00c; Beans 6c; Rice 8c; Salt 2.25c; 2.50c; Sugar, Brown 12c; Leaf 18c, crushed 18c, clarified 10c; Tallow 12c; Wheat 80c; 1.00c, Wool 50c.

REMARKS. Flour, receipts continued small and the article is in demand, at quotations, for consumption, and some quality of flour, but price fully sustained. We quote good to prime white at \$1.30 a 1.45; do red \$1.18 a 1.22. Corn—old white 75 a 77 cts; new do 55 a 65 cts.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 9.—Prices of Cotton advancing. Good Middling 12c.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Breadstuffs heavy; no change in quotations. Stocks dull—Virginia prices 85c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 9.—Flour—sales of Howard street and Ohio at \$6.25. Wheat—receipts heavy, and some quality of flour, but price fully sustained. We quote good to prime white at \$1.30 a 1.45; do red \$1.18 a 1.22. Corn—old white 75 a 77 cts; new do 55 a 65 cts.

Business Cards.
E. C. FREEMAN,
ABOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS.
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS.
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856. NEW YORK.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in
Greensboro, N. C., will attend to all cases of
Real Estate, and all other business connected
with the law, and will collect all claims
placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 63ly

K. M. MURCHISON & A. J. HOWELL,
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 Wall Street,
NEW YORK.

PERSONAL attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57-ly.)
STERLING LAMIER, SAMUEL LAMIER,
LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLLEMAN HOUSE),
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. S. LAMIER, Proprietors.

MR. STERLIN LAMIER, late of
the Lamar House, Mason, Ga., and
Samuel Lamier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., and
of the Lamar House, and of the Lamar
House, where they have ample accommodation
for 250 persons. 64ly

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions,
No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

...of ... of ...

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1887.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Art weary, brother? do thy eyes have down?
Is life a strife, barren waste to thee?
Dost thou look on Heaven with a frown,
And deem it but a dreary, gloomy scene?

Heavy thy burden in the noon's strong heat?
Sweat on thy brow, and moisture in thine eye?
Dost thou look on Heaven with a frown,
And deem it but a dreary, gloomy scene?

But God is not a being of the lot—
He hears the cry of the lowly and the poor,
And sends the angels to his throne to
Bring the prayers of the lowly and the poor.

With thee, O God, I have my home,
And in thy love I find my rest and joy,
For thou art ever with me, O my God,
And in thy love I find my rest and joy.

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wait! Your soul is too light to leave a
print upon the highway of life! A mortal
myth, a human thicket, you will
pass over the legions of existence, and will
proceed to drop into the death-waters with
out leaving the world the legacy of a worth-
y line upon its open register!

You stand idly and imprudently at
church doors and street corners, behind a
luxuriant crop of hair, that attests the
mellowness of the soil beneath, and think
yourself covered by every passing fair one,
who deigns to acknowledge your existence!

A salutation. Heavens and earth!
who would venture to lean upon that arm
for support and a protection down the hill-
side of life, whose strength is only equal
to the task of swinging that gold-mounted
cane, and twisting those adorable whiskers
in a graceful curve towards the middle
section of your finely-fringed frontpiece?

I'd sooner have a "millstone hanged about
my neck and be cast into the depth of the
sea" (figuratively speaking).

Scrubby girls lay their hearts upon the
altar of decision and strength—a perfumed
and dainty museline is a black blot upon
the broad leaf of all creation!

To be sure you may not be doomed to
"trend the wine press alone"—that is,
destined to perpetual singleness, but your
success in doubling your estate will be
wholly attributable to the fact that you are
constitutionally formed to be led by the
nose! Women there are in this old
world of ours, whose beguiling sin is the
constant appropriation of the pronouns I,
which grand discovery you will have suffi-
cient leisure to make when you find your
self written down No. 2, upon your domes-
tic pass-book, in spite of your peerless
physique.

Save you? St. Felix! not till you are
love-worthy. What if you have got
splendid eyes, curling hair and a wasp-
like waist, a woman without having, care
no more for your handsome exterior, than
you do for the improvement of your inter-
ior possessions. Why, sir, a firm, unflin-
ching soul, impressed by the stamp of en-
ergy and inherent power, upon a manly
face that boasts of no physical attractions,
would throw you as far in the background
of feminine favor, as Peter followed his
Master!

An adamant, indomitable spirit, that
writes "I CAN" and "I WILL," upon the
granite brow, bronzed cheeks, about the
solid, unincarcerated mouth, and upon the
brown, ungloved hands of a man, would
obscure your delicately bleached forehead
crimped frill, patent leather boots and
"ungodly strut," in as total an eclipse as
ever befel the moon!

"Strong minded woman!" sneers Mr.
Shirteclough, behind an appendage culti-
vated for the express purpose of making
in appearance for what he lacks in reality—
manliness!

"Strong minded?" we wish we could
return the compliment, but conscience
forbids it, imperatively. The world must
not be left destitute of strength and intel-
lect, and it's high time for woman's latent
power to be developed, since the race of
men is fast running out into gloom, gloom
and gloom! FLORENCE FAY.

HORACE MANN.

HORACE MANN has won distinction in
several departments of effort. He prac-
ticed law fourteen years in the courts of
Massachusetts, during which time he is
said to have gained four out of every five
he undertook. In fact, he was uncom-
monly successful as a lawyer, and might
have reached, had he continued in the pro-
fession, the highest judicial positions. He
made it the inflexible rule of his profes-
sional life never to undertake a case that
he did not believe to be right. He used
to say that in this conscious conviction of
right there was such magnetism, that the
only wanted an opportunity to be put in
communication with a jury to impregnate
them with his own belief.

Though never, in the ordinary sense of
the word, a politician, his legislative en-
deavor was alike honorable and successful.
He served in both the House of Representa-
tives and the Senate of Massachusetts,
where he took a high position, and was
three times elected to Congress by over-
whelming majorities.

But it is to his earnest, devoted, and
uncommonly successful labors in the cause
of education that Horace Mann will owe his
highest and most enduring fame. As
Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of
Education, his zeal, energy, and well-di-
rected energy overcame all obstacles, and
attained results which few men would have
dared even to hope for. The good he ac-
complished during the twelve years of his
secretaryship is incalculable. His annual
Reports constitute a monument of his
labors of which not only his country but
his country may well be proud. Of one of
them, the *Edinburgh Review* says: "This
volume is indeed a noble monument of a
civilized people; and if America were
sunk beneath the waves, would remain
the fairest picture on record of an ideal
Commonwealth."

Mr. Mann was born in the town of
Franklin, Norfolk Co., Massachusetts, May
th, 1796; and his early life was spent in a
rural district, under circumstances of
almost unmitigated toil and privation.—
But he had a thirst for knowledge, which
nothing could repress, and, like thousands
before him, worked his way through the
preparatory studies, and finally through
college.

in person he is strong, made but well
proportioned, is rather deficient in muscu-
lar power, and his stock of vitality is hard-
ly commensurate with mental activity.—
One is astonished at the amount of labor
he is able to perform without breaking
down; but he is not so strong, as many
do; he makes it all tell in well-directed
blows. His brain is proportionally large
and very high, indicating moral and in-
tellectual rather than physical power.—
Conscientiousness and Benevolence are very
large, the latter being the dominant moral
organ. His reasoning organs are greatly
superior to his perceptive and memory,
and his large Causality enables him to see
the logical congruity of facts and princi-
ples, and to present them in a clear, con-
cise, and forcible manner.

A THOUGHT.

The rose that's wet with summer rain,
Or filled with early dew,
Sheds richer perfume ere again,
And glows with lovelier hue.

The peony drops that light within
Its leafy chalice rest,
But fresher beauties for it win,
Its fragrant charms attest.

So hearts bowed down with weight and care,
Or crushed with bitter grief,
Show clearer what their virtues are,
While waiting for relief;

Each tender pang is sweet that springs
From hearts by sorrow riven;
If on its parting breath it brings
Some dearer hope of Heaven.

Russell's Magazine.

From the Washington Union.

EDUCATION IN N. CAROLINA.

We have before us a pamphlet copy of
the address delivered in July last before
the State Educational Association of North
Carolina, by Wm. W. Holden, Esq., of
Raleigh. Mr. Holden is favorably known
to the country as the able and accomplished
editor of one of the most influential
Democratic journals in the South. In
the new character in which he now ap-
pears he has not only laid the citizens of
his native State under obligations for his
gratifying exposition of the present com-
mendably liberal system of the public in-
struction in North Carolina, but he has
brought together an array of startling facts
in regard to the school systems of other
States, the publication of which, we think
will lead to the most beneficial results.

A large portion of the address is occupied
with facts and figures in relation to the
common-school system and common school
fund of nearly all the States. From these
facts and figures Mr. Holden deduces the
following results:

The average length of the school of
Maine, whose system is a highly flourish-
ing condition, is four months and three
weeks; of New Hampshire, five months;
of North Carolina, four months.

Maine distributes about 70 cents to the
head of her white population; New Hamp-
shire about the same; Virginia, 8 cents;
Connecticut nearly one dollar; North Car-
olina, about 50 cents; Pennsylvania nearly
the same as Connecticut; and New York
and Ohio a fraction over one dollar each in
the following results:

North Carolina has a larger school fund
than Maine, or New Hampshire, or New
Jersey, (by \$1,500,000); or Maryland or
Virginia, (by \$800,000); or Massachusetts,
(by \$500,000); or Georgia, (by \$1,
600,000).

North Carolina has as many colleges as
Georgia, more academies by 100, and 2,
000 more common schools. The two States
are about equal in white population.

North Carolina has more colleges than
South Carolina, more academies by 100,
and nearly three times as many children
at school.

Virginia has 340,000 white population
more than North Carolina; yet the latter
has quite as many colleges as the former,
as many academies, and five or six hun-
dred more public schools.

Kentucky has 200,000 white population
more than North Carolina; yet the latter
has as many colleges as the former, as many
academies, more common schools by
1,000, and as many children at school as
she has. The same is substantially true
in the comparison between Tennessee and
North Carolina.

It must also be borne in mind that North
Carolina has no large cities, like Virginia,
Tennessee, Georgia, and Kentucky, to
build up and sustain Colleges and high
schools.

Upon a calm review of the entire facts,
it is neither immodest nor unjust to assert
that North Carolina is clearly ahead of all
the other slaveholding States with her sys-
tem of public instruction; while she com-
pares favorably in several respects with
the States of the New England and North-
western States.

But though our educational condition,
and prospects are thus cheering, we have
only made a good beginning in the great
work. There are now from fifty to sixty
thousand children in the State who never
go to school. But we must reach these
also, or the most of them, for in ten years
nearly all of them who are males will be
citizens, and will vote to make laws to gov-
ern you, themselves, all of us. What if
they grow up in ignorance and vice, they
will not be the only sufferers! The intel-
ligent, the virtuous, and the owners of
property especially, are all deeply concern-
ed in this movement; and it behooves
them to do everything that can be done,
justly and with reason, to prevent, as well
as to diminish, vice and crime. Ignorance
creates injustice and crime; injustice and
crime create courts of law, courts of law
create taxes; and men of substance have
these taxes to pay.

SCENE.—A tall leader leaning against
the house—a nigger at the top, and a hog
scratching his hide against the bottom.—
"C'way—c'way, dar! You're makin'
mischief."

MOLASSES FROM INDIAN CORN.—A
Mr. Geo. S. Kintz, of Exeter, Berks Co.,
Pa., has, according to the Reading Gas-
ette, succeeded in procuring an excellent
quality of molasses from the common In-
dian corn. He took eight corn-stalks, cut
off at the root and at the ear, crushed them
in a cider-mill, and pressed the juice out
with his hands. A quart of sap was thus
obtained, which, after boiling 30 minutes,
yielded one pint of beautiful syrup.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which
there was but one whole nose left in the
crowd, "and that belonged to the tack-
le."

Many who suffer from Headache and
Nervous Debility are ignorant that the
real cause, in most instances, is a deranged
state of the stomach and digestive func-
tions. The Oxygenated Bitters are pecu-
liarly adapted to the cure of these symp-
toms.

Farm, House and Fung.

Punch advises the Governor of Utah to
"go it while he's young."

How should a husband speak to a scold-
ing wife? "My dear, I love you still."

A young lady having asked a surgeon
why woman was made from the rib of man
in preference to any other bone, he gave
the following gallant answer:

"She was not taken from the head lest
she would rule over him; from his feet,
lest he should trample upon her; but she
was taken from his side that she might be
his equal; from under his arm, that he
might protect her; from near his heart,
that he might cherish and love her."

Punch wrote the following despatch for
the Queen to send the President, after the
cable broke: Mr. DUCHANAN—On earth,
peace; or board another piece.

PEPPER.—Pepper is an almost univer-
sal condiment. Black pepper irritates and
inflames the coating of the stomach; red
pepper does not, it excites, but does not
irritate, consequently it should be used
instead of black pepper. It was known to
the Romans, and has been in use in the
East Indies from time immemorial, as it
corrects that flatulence which attends the
large use of vegetable food. Persons in
health do not need any pepper in their food.
But to those of weak and languid stomach,
it is manifold more healthful to use cayenne
pepper at meals than any form of wine,
brandy, or beer that can be named, because
it stimulates without the reaction of sleep-
iness or debility.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TO CLEAR THE SKIN.—A correspondent
thus gives the result of a trial which he
made, but the receipt would not suit all
persons: "Seeing so many of your corre-
spondents inquiring what to do to keep the
face, neck, and arms clear from pimples,
I must state that I myself was as bad as I
could be; indeed, my face was quite a
sight; I was ashamed of going out. A
lady told me always to wash myself in warm
water, and that it would soon remove them.
I followed her advice, washed myself in
hot water, dried myself on a coarse towel,
and then rubbed my face over lightly with
flour; and in the short space of twelve
days my complexion became quite clear."

A SINGULAR DYING REQUEST.—We
find the following in that sober and truth-
ful sheet, the Salem Observer: An old
man dying in Boston, recently, was asked
if he would have a clergyman sent for. He
requested to see Rev. Dr. Colver, who called
upon him accordingly. The sick man said:
"I have just sent to request you to
keep those confounded cats in your yard
till to-night."

Why is a man in prison like a leaky
boat? Because he wants bailing out.

A woman spills more with a thimble
than a man can draw with a bucket.
Hear that, ye ladies who "shop" go."

Why is a tender hearted person like a
housekeeper with but little furniture?
Because he is easily moved.

Genius will always work itself through,
said a poet, when he found his coat was
out at the elbows.

A French wit said of a man who was
exceedingly fat, that nature only made
him to show how far the human skin
would stretch without breaking.

The quickest way to make eye water is
to run your nose against a lamp post.

Calumny is like the wasp that teases,
and against which you must not attempt
to defend yourself unless you are certain
to destroy it, otherwise it rushes to the
charge more furiously than ever.

The man who wrestled with adversity
wore out his silk stockings, and got worst-
ed.

The Frigid Zone.—The waist ribbon
died of an old maid.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN TAKE MEDICINE.—A
correspondent says: "I first
coax, then bribe, then threaten, and finally
choke; but I think that to begin with
the choking would be the best way."

SCENE.—A tall leader leaning against
the house—a nigger at the top, and a hog
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JOBS FOR THE

Printing just added to our

Job Office, a magnificent assortment

of Plain & Fancy Job

TYPE.

we are confident that we can execute

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST

MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE

STATE. Persons wishing

Business Cards, Letter Heads, Circulars,

or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us at

100 N. 2nd St., Greensboro, N. C.

THE REVISED CODE.

COPIES received for sale.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETTE.

Swiss & Cambrie, both figured and plain.

Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone

and figured skirt, grass corded, and Hooped

skirts for sale at cash prices.

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENNICI has just received

and opened a large supply of all kinds

of FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

Country produce taken in exchange at

Market price.

BARGAINS—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

GOODS IN MARKET, AT S. ARCHER'S

STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his

fall stock of ready made Clothing, Overcoats,

Suits, and a large assortment of

clothing, hats, shoes, trunks, traveling bags,

Umbrellas and a great many other things too

numerous to mention, and generally kept in a

**gentleman's fitting store, to which he in-
vites the attention of his friends, customers and
the public. He flatters himself that he can and
promises that he will offer lower than any
other house in this section of the country. These
goods were bought low for cash, and will be
sold low again for cash. Persons in want of
such goods just call, examine and let the sub-
scriber know that you have got the cash to pay
for what you buy, and you will buy goods
cheaper than you ever did before.**

S. ARCHER.
East Market St., Greensboro, Oct. 7th.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

PUNNEY & RUSSELL

RECORDS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

containing the Official Military and Financial

correspondence of all the officers of the revolu-

tionary army, from 1775 to 1795, containing